



Don't sleep



132 8 8

Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

John woke up to deafening sirens and flashing lights. He couldn't make out his surroundings, his head was hurting and he could feel cold liquid around him.

Figures approached and he was pulled, carried somewhere.
Then everything went dark again.

John woke up in his bed, sweating and hurting all over. His wife Jenny already left for work and their kids were staying with grandparents. He tried to stand up and felt a sharp pain in his leg. He looked down and froze: his left leg below the knee was a bloody and muddy mess. Blood that had dried up, but didn't soil his bed sheets.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



What the---

As John rose, he felt something stop his movement and looked down to see his left wrist handcuffed firmly to the frame of the bed. He jerked at it once, twice, and then gave up. The pain in his left leg was beginning to throb now, and it just so happened that he saw what he obviously

was meant to see in that very same moment, sitting atop the bedroom vanity on the other side of the room.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

words:

FOR THE PAIN.

John jerked at the handcuff again. The same result. He rolled to one side and found a brown envelope sitting atop the bedside table. He grabbed it it clumsily and pulled it close to open. Inside was a simple letter, typed.

.....

John,

You most likely won't remember the events of last night, so this letter is here to fill in the gaps.

You left your third shift at the packing plant and drove directly home. Halfway there, your vehicle was struck in the passenger's side and forced off a low bridge into the waters of a river. Rather primitive, but this was our way to get your attention.

Don't worry, your injuries are not serious, though they must be painful. The effect of the painkillers administered to you last night will begin to fade, and you most likely will want to free yourself and take more quite soon. You will need all your strength and focus to complete the task we have set for you.

Your wife and children are safe... for now.

Your assignment is pinned to the refrigerator. Find the key, get up now, clean yourself up, and get on with it.

We remember Beirut. Did you really think you just disappear into a simple suburban life?

The Compulsive 8

.....

Chapter 3 by TwelveGuardians

See more of Story Wars



Heart beat rising, John reached for the key. He couldn't hide forever, he just didn't know how long.

Login

or

Create new account

to his left, he knew he was in a bad way. He was short.

Beirut 1982 as the Lebanon war broke out John was an undercover American serviceman. His sole mission was to track down the people responsible for the crude human experimentation taking place on the innocent Lebanese children. John knew he was closing in on those they called The Compulsive 8 as they came upon the inconspicuous building on the northern side of town. Little did he know, what he would come upon in that building would change his life forever.

After a long shower reflecting back on what had happened in a distant place years ago, John made his way to the fridge. His assignment was posted on the fridge next to the pictures his children had drawn the day before. As John unfolded the note pinned to the fridge a picture had fallen out, it was Adeline.

Chapter 4 by jueddings



John grimaced. Adeline. After all these years, she managed to find him again. She was the leader, the ring(wo)man of the group that called themselves the Compulsive 8. She was a dangerous woman to have as a nemesis.

Adeline loved playing games. She'd play with your mind, toy with your limits, push you to your edge. She was an incredibly intelligent individual, and she had a particular fascination for John.

And that's why this was happening.

The sudden realization filled him with dread. She had just started another one of her games. His wife, his kids-they had just been tossed into the middle of it. He swallowed, trying to keep out his deepening sense of fear. He ignored the photo on the ground and turned to the note.

'Johnny boy. It is my utmost pleasure that we have been reunited. I've missed my favorite toy. But you're back again, and now you have brought with you three more toys!'

His wife, his two boys.

'I'm taking care of your sweet little Karen, and your fiesty brats-for now. I'll let them be while I focus on catching up with you, my dear Johnny.'

So I propose a game, a revival of [See more of Story Wars](#) between us. Oh, and it will be so much fun too, my dear. You'll have to find me, because I'll be waiting for you. I'll have to go get you. It won't be easy, because what's the fun in that?

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

I will leave you clues on your journey.

There is a catch, of course. You aren't allowed to sleep. No sense in wasting any time on shut-eye. Oh yes, that too. You only have 9 days. Why 9? One day for each year it took to find you again.

So, the game begins, Johnny-boy! Your first clue was on the lovely portrait of myself I included with this.

Ta-ta my dear!'

He crumpled up the note and threw it across the room. He snatched the small photo and flipped it over.

In the elegant, sweeping handwriting he knew all too well, it said;

'You'll have to start where we
did part

All those years ago.

From where you fled

And where I said,

I'll see you again,

Johnny-boy!

//you are being watched my dear. If you try to alert anyone about this, I will know and you can kiss your family good-bye. Nine days. Don't. Sleep. I'll know. I'll see you again Johnny, like I promised.

Kisses, Adeline.'

With a shuddering breath he slipped the note into his pocket and pulled on a jacket. He grabbed a wallet and left, not packing anything else but his gun, tucked into his coat. He knew where he had to go. He remembered the day he had fled from Adeline, 8 years ago.

He got in his car and pulled out onto the road, driving as fast as he could, his face set

See more of Story Wars

A few hours later, he pulled into a small town, his face set

Login

or

Create new account

It was a crappy old bus station. It was practically empty, only two dirty old buses, one without two front wheels. The small building had a sign with broken lights and one light was turned on inside. He parked and got out, slowly walking inside, unsure what to expect.

Chapter 5 by Riggio Scoffic



Several years ago, this place might have been immersed in activity; drivers overworked, on the go and hard at it. People waiting around, buying tickets and getting transfers. All 13 of their buses were purchased with funds from the American Reinvestment and Recovery Act seven months ago. The owner of the lot still opened it to the city who's 315 had nowhere else to go. There it waited, ready and parked for John to climb on -- It's engine running with its open doors -- out front laughing and chatting the two men who were sitting on a bench. Both wearing suits and had mustaches. Whatever the two spoke about they seemed really excited about it. One of them gave John a smile and nod as he went by then up two steps. There he stopped and looked back to his car. "You know where you're going?" asked the driver.

"Leaving home," Said John.

"Well, then, climb on." He paid his fair, found a seat with a window (there were plenty to choose from) and heard the bus doors close as he sat down.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Give feedback](#)

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account